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THE
Tranſlation of certaine
latine verſes written vppon her Maieſties death, called
A Comforting Complaint.

This onely way I could declare my thankefull mind.

Printed at London for *Edward Aggas* dwelling in long lane at the ſigne of the Oken tree.
Anno Dom. 1603.

The Tranſlation of certaine latine verſes vvritten vpon *her Maieſties death; called*

A comforting Complaint.

Ow ſore had mournfull death ſhaked th'engliſh ſoyle,
If God had nor afforded preſent helpe?
Who though he tooke our Queene, a King he gaue
To play the fathers part in mothers loſſe.
He tooke away our Queene, whoſe match no age
Hath euer ſeen before, or after ſhall.
The Kings moſt royall vertues feed our hope
That he will prooue ſo good the time he raignes,
As when our dying Queene pronounc'd him heire
She did forewarne her State that he would be.
Moſt noble King with happie courſe and long
Stand to thy ſterne, our hope is vnder ſaile.
My Queene, though dead, now cals me: not to teares
For countreys heauie loſſe by fatall ſtroake,
But vnto joy, for that her happie life here ſpent

She reſts in heauen, in boſome of her God,
Of whom when I haue ſaid what I ſhall ſay,
The world ſhall ſee how great a good we loſt.
No ſooner was this royall infant borne,
And left her mothers wombe to enter light,
But Gods foreſeeing care, by many ſignes,
Accompaning her firſt cradle-time, bewraid
What rate he held her at, how he loued her,
And in her ſex how rare ſhe was to prooue.
Then he firſt ſhew'd his word vnto this land:
Then he commaunded Pope to part the realme,
Who though as then he were not quite cut off,
His ſuperſtitious rights remaining ſtill,
Yet he then ſhew'd the way how being Queene
She might in time make him auoid the land:
And that ſhe might with greater fame and wit
Thereafter rule the reines of Royall ſtate,
How tri'd he her with change and choiſe of chance
Not onely in her firſt, but after yeares?
What greater ſigne of Gods great loue to her,
What ſtronger proofe that once ſhe ſhould be great,
Than to allot her youth ſuch ſpeciall things,
Whereby to prooue a wiſe and godly Prince?
Now when ſhe gan to be of riper yeares,
Her perſonage appear'd for beautie rare,
Her cariage full of majeſtie and ſtate,
Whereby ſhe wan the loue of euerie looke:
But that which wrought in her the greateſt grace,
Was truth in ſtore beſtowed in her heart,

For all

The

The great indowments of her Royall mind,
Which ſhe did learne as faſt as princely braine
With judgement fraught, could poſsibly conceaue.
All this ſhe learned ſo as it appear'd
That God had bred her vp to be a Queene,
Which gifts of princely mind then beam'd abroad,
When hauing got her fathers crowne on head,
She did ſhew forth the treaſures of her heart.
When ſhe firſt tooke the Scepter in her hand,
Euen then profeſsing here the heauenly truth,
How quietly entred ſhe, and with what peace?
All the Romiſh rout, which ſwarming here
With open throats, did thirſt to ſee her fall:
Though all our neighbour lands, then prieſtly ſlaues,
Though forrein Kings and princes threw out threats,
Bicauſe they were bewitcht with Romiſh rags,
Yet ſhe with hope in God, and checke to feare,
What truth did teach, that ſhe did ſtill defend:
And *England* of it ſelfe now free from feare
Of forrein princes yoake, was glad of her,
Who being ſtaid in throne and princely ſeat,
How mightie things, how borne to liue did ſhe?
Still conſtant, ſtill the ſame, ſtill in one courſe
Directing all the time that ſhe did raigne.
What ſhe enacted once, ſhe held it faſt,
Aſwell what toucht the Church, as ciuill ſtate:
No change of hands, from right vnto the left
Was ſhe acquainted with, but ſtill forth right.
Her gratious God ſo fauoured this her raigne,

Which ſhe religiouſly maintained thus,
As if ſhe did not quite ſurpaſſe all thoſe
Which heretofore had raigned in this land:
At leaſt ſhe matcht the braueſt of them all.
In all her great attempts victorious ſtill.
If ſhe with armed hand bar'd forrein foes:
If with the like ſhe daunted ſtirs at home:
If with aſsiſting aid ſhe ſought to free
Her neighbours, crauing helpe from ſeruile yoke,
The God of heauen did guide her ſtill to gaine.
Oft times aſſail'd by falſe and treacherous meane,
Wherewith the *Ieſuites* ſought to ſucke her blood,
She felt her God to ſaue her with his ſheeld,
Which taking edge from ſword, and charge from dagge,
From poyſon ſtrength to doe her any harme,
Bad her goe on, bad her abandon feare,
That he would be both guide and guard to his.
But were it not a mightie fault to hide
The royall gifts wherewith ſhe was endow'd?
Her knowledge and her skill, the only meane
Which doth adorne a noble royall wit?
Her learning did ſurmount her ſex and kind.
She had obtain'd the chiefe and learned tongues,
Whereby ſhe knew what things were to be knowne.
Vpon theſe grounds and learning of her owne,
She fauour'd ſo all people that were learn'd,
As both th'Vniuerſities felt by Royall graunt
The benefits wherewith ſhe priuiledged them:
As euerie ſhire ſo warranted from her,

Found

Found many a ſchoole well founded for their youth
To bring them vp at firſt, whom afterward
The Vniuerſities were to feed with ſtronger meats.
  Theſe qualities of hers ſo rare in woman kind
She did not hide, but ſhew'd them to the ſunne.
In all her time ſo gouerning her eſtate,
As all the world did wonder at her wit,
Which kind of gouernment and bleſſed courſe
Great potentates abroad in forrein parts
Did ſo admire, as they forthwith did ſend
Their Embaſsies to her with true deſire,
To craue and haue her friendſhip and her loue:
Whoſe anſwere was return'd in ſort ſo wiſe,
And in that tongue which they themſelues did vſe:
(A thing for wonder rare, beyond beleefe,
To find in that weake ſex ſo ſtrong a gift,
But that her ſelfe paſt wonder, paſt beleefe)
As they were all amaz'd, and comming home
Reported to their Lords the thing they ſcant beleeu'd,
So ſtrange a prince had God giuen to this world
Truth to maintaine and falſhood for to mate.
  Beſides all theſe, great troups of noble men
Rapt with the fame and honour of her name,
Deſiring to ſee whereof they heard ſo much,
With gladſome hearts repaired to this Realme:
And as they came with gladneſſe for to ſee,
So they departed glad when they had ſeen.
  Her entertainment was in ſuch a ſort,
For majeſtie of ſtate and princely cheere,

As in all points ſhe did content them all.
Nay, diuers noble Dames whom like deſire,
Enflamed for to ſee the obiect of their eares,
Did vndertake the way though nere ſo long
By ſea, by land to ſee that they did ſeeke:
What honour were theſe things to this our Iſle?
What glorie to all thoſe of that her ſex?
That forraine lands ſhould ſend both Ladies and Lords
To heare our princes voice, to ſee her face,
To kiſſe her faire and tender royall hand.
This was her publicke courſe in caſe of ſtate,
Whereof the world each where eye witneſſe was.
Now as ſhe was addicted ſtill to heare,
Or priuatly to read ſome learned booke,
She neuer brook't, nor could with patience beare
What ſhe perceiu'd vnſeeming for a Prince,
But as her choice was euer of the beſt
And chiefeſt that did write in any tongue,
So what ſhe found to be ſincere and pure,
That did ſhe note and laid it vp in ſtore,
VVhat was not ſuch, as ſorie ſhe had red
That ſhe exil'd both from her eie and eare.
If ought came by the way while ſhe did read,
VVhich ſmelt of blood or cruell tyrants hand,
Her ſelfe reiected ſtraight, and willed him
That red with her, to read the ſame alone,
And after tell it her in milder phraſe.
Nay farther, if the lawes by force of right
Condemned any one for crime to die,

None

None was more loath to yeeld to ſuch a death,
None more deſired to reſpit time for life
Her nature was ſo mild, her heart ſo kind,
As paine or death deſeru'd could hardly winne,
Though law and juſtice both did bid her ſtrike.
Beſides when any of her priuate traine
Did painfully perfourme his charge in truth,
How would ſhe cheriſh him with courteous termes,
Alluring euerie heart to yeeld her loue,
Of which her gentle courſe well fitting her.
This may be brought for proofe, that being ſicke,
No Ladie of her ſuit refuſed paines
By night, by day, to ſaue their princes health,
But euerie one with danger of their owne,
Did ſeeke to ſaue her life whom they ſo lou'd:
And as the women did, ſo did the men
VVith earneſt care in dutie to perfourme
That ſorrowfull ſeruice, with loſſe of prince to liue.
By nature ſuch ſhe was, by vertue ſuch
As none deny'd her loue, where ſhe did like.
To knit the laſt with leaſt, whatſoeuer thing,
She vndertooke, to daunce, to play, to ſing,
Or what ſo elſe a modeſt Queene might doe,
That ſhe perfourm'd with majeſtie and grace,
That it became the place, that it beſeem'd a Queene.
Now drawing neere to death, ſhe ſtay'd on ſtill,
The faith ſhe held in life ſhe kept in death,
That though they which were neere her when ſhe dyed,
VVere for her death in paine and extreame griefe,
And could haue wiſht her longer time to liue:

Yet they rejoic'd to ſee her ſo depart
As in her death they ſaw a preſent life:
For at her death ſhe did remember well
Both what concern'd her ſoule, her heauenly ſtate,
And how ſhe muſt depart without delay,
As when her ſoule her mortall bodie left
VVith triumph ſhe did mount ſtraight into heauen.
Nor when ſhe died, ſhe did forget hers here,
As many mothers doe forget their babes,
But left vs ſuch a King whoſe vertues might
Abridge the griefe which lacke of her might breed.
This was her end, this was her liues laſt act
VVith clap of hands for ſorrow, but not for joy,
For who can but bewaile the loſſe of ſuch a prince?
What time can ſerue to ſtint the ſtreame of wofull teares?
For who is't we haue loſt? a prince whom man did not,
But God alone did chooſe protector of his word,
The trumpet of his truth, a mother to vs all,
A pillar to all peace, a death to all debate.
The honour of her ſex, a Queene ſurmounting match,
Of whom when all is ſaid, all is not enough.
I muſt confeſſe we haue juſt cauſe to grieue,
But yet two greater grounds rebate our griefe
The firſt becauſe her age, her ſeauentie yeares
Had made her ripe, and readie for to die.
If ſhe had been before a maried Qneene,
Or not haue vſ'd a diet low and ſpare,
Her life had not endur'd in ſtrength ſo long.
She died in happie raigne, not feeling croſſe
Belou'd at home, admir'd abroad, a matchleſſe prince,

So

So that it ſeems ſhe changed onely place
By ſuch a bleſſed death cal'd vp to heauen,
VVhere here on earth ſhe raignd in fits of care.
Now who ſo ſhall bewaile one dying ſo,
So throughly bleſ'd, in ſtate ſo perfect good,
He ſhall not ſeeme to mourne for her he mones,
But to lament for loſſe of priuate gaine.
And yet an earneſt loue cannot but mourne,
VVhen cauſe whence loue did riſe hath his recourſe
VVhich bred and borne on ground that beares it vp,
Cannot be tyred at all with ſhed of teares.
The ſecond cauſe which ought to ſtay our griefe,
And that may ſeeme the proper cure to care
Is, that the Queene, when death approched her,
Did ſtint where all our griefe for her ſhould ſtay,
By pointing vs a King, and that a man
Accuſtomed to rule: one of our Engliſh blood,
VVhich all his time hath foſtered vp Gods truth,
A friend to peace, a prince of mightie skill,
To whom our Queene, our good *Elizabeth*
Did yeeld, as to a prince her peere each way,
So that although we grieue for loſſe of her,
Yet this one cloſe ſhould knit vp all our griefe,
For that by her owne choiſe and right of blood,
VVe haue a King to turne our greefe to joy.
Now my liege Lord, ſucceſſour to my Queene,
The greateſt King that Britiſh ſoyle hath ſeene,
Thou ſeeſt a mightie patterne in thine eie
A maiden prince which ruled ſo this ſtate,

As to match her tis much, to paſſe her more.
Wherefore thy charge is doubled in our eyes,
VVhich are in hope that thou wilt follow her ſteps,
And rule as ſhe did raigne with equall praiſe,
Which thing that thou maiſt doe both long, and ſafe, and
Thou muſt of force with Ieſuites be at warre, (ſound,
VVhoſe doctrine is to ſpare no princes blood,
To rob them of their ſtate, to rob them of their liues,
VVith fire and ſword to force them for to yeeld:
If they, (though God himſelfe forbid the ſame)
Yeeld not their royall necks to popiſh foot,
The blood of Kings is Ieſuites inke to write,
That liquour is it muſt make their Rubricks red.
Will he ſpare *Iames* our King, which ſpared not our Queen?
Will he forbeare a man, which preyed vpon a maid?
She though ſhe caught him oft, yet ſpar'd him oft,
Which hope in him is dead through ſuch a King,
Who hath from Gods owne mouth commandement giuen,
With double paine the bloody *Babilon* to pine:
That is his will that gaue King *Iames* a triple Crowne:
A triple Crowne? what's that? a fatall terme, that is
The triple *Britiſh* Crowne, the Romiſh bane.
As good *Elizabeth* raignes moſt happie now in heauen,
So happie may King *Iames* raigne long with vs in earth:
And as ſhe did auoid the Ieſuites treacherous traines,
Whereby ſhe gat her graue in drie and quiet death,
So good King *Iames* goe late to God and ſlip their ſnares,
For if thou ſtick'ſt to God, they'l not ſticke to ſticke thee.

R. M.

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